

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

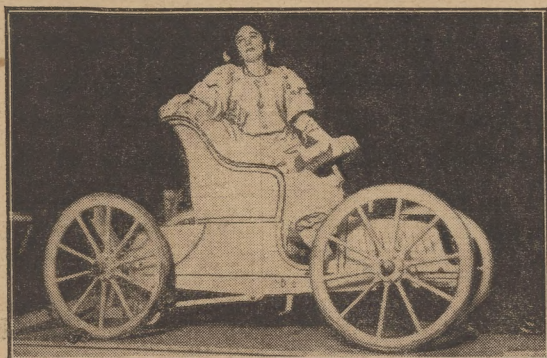
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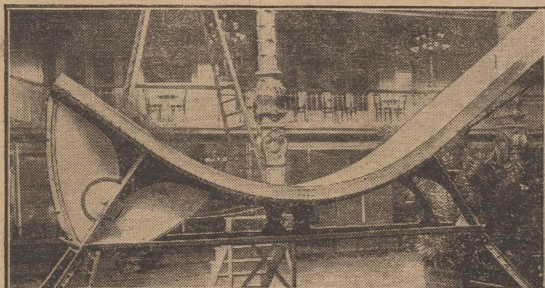
TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

"WHIRLWIND OF DEATH."



Mlle. Marcel Randal, who was killed in Paris during her Casino performance, called the "Whirlwind of Death." She was strapped to her motor-car, which rushed down a steep incline, was hurled in the air, and, after turning a complete somersault, landed on the stage.



The track from which Mlle. Randal's motor-car was thrown into the air. The performer successfully accomplished her task, but was found insensible in the car, and died a few hours later from congestion of the brain.

MISS LILY HANBURY MARRIES TO-DAY.



Miss Lily Hanbury, the popular actress, who will to-day be married to Mr. Herbert Guedalla at a West End registry-office. Owing to the bridegroom having just recovered from a severe illness only the mother and sister of the bride and the brother and a friend of Mr. Guedalla will be present at the ceremony.—(Langfieri.)

WHY THE SUSSEX POLICE TRAPS FOR MOTORISTS FAILED—WARNED BY CYCLISTS.



The police laid traps for motorists on the Brighton road on Sunday, but failed to catch any victims, as these cyclists warned motor-car drivers.



This policeman, waiting in ambush for motorists by the roadside on Bolney Hill, was stalked by the *Daily Mirror* photographer and snapshotted. Intent on passing motors, he saw nothing of the photographer, and will only learn to-day that he was photographed.



A policeman who had vainly watched the road for hours coming out of his hiding-place by the Brighton road.—(See page 6.)

FRANCE SHELTERS RUSSIAN FLEET.

Tokio Excited Over Their
Stay in Kamranh Bay.

THE TIME LIMIT.

Reported Japanese Capture of
Coasting Colliers.

While the great naval fight between Rojestvensky and Togo is still deferred, a curiously interesting question arises out of the prolonged stay of the Baltic Fleet at Kamranh Bay, on the coast of Cochín China—territorial waters of France.

According to international law forty-eight hours is the limit of time for which the Russian Fleet can remain there immune from Japanese attack.

Should France, therefore, neglect to give them their sailing orders within that period, Togo will be released from any obligation to respect the jurisdiction of Russia's nominal ally, and may attack the Russians at his discretion.

Kamranh Bay is about 600 miles S.W. of Hong Kong, and 750 miles from the Pescadores Islands, where the main strength of the Japanese is supposed to be.

It is reported that the Japanese have captured a large number of colliers on the coast, though particulars are lacking.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Paris "Journal" states that the Russian Admiralty hourly expects to hear of an encounter between Rojestvensky and Togo.

WHAT WILL FRANCE SAY?

TOKIO, Monday.—It is calculated here that the Baltic fleet arrived at Kamranh at noon on April 12, and that it had therefore been occupying that port for forty-eight hours when it was seen at noon on April 14.

The news of the prolonged stay of the Russian vessels in Cochín China waters has caused surprise, as it was generally doubted that France would permit the use of her ports for a belligerent fleet engaged in offensive operations.

The Japanese Government is silent on the subject of its intentions, but it is expected that it will make immediate representations to France.

France denied that the Baltic fleet was within the territorial waters of Madagascar, and if a denial is likewise given in the present instance it will give Japan an opportunity to attack Admiral Rojestvensky's ships without violating France's neutrality.—Reuter.

COLLIERS CAPTURED.

SAIGON, Monday.—Admiral de Jonquiére has rejoined the cruiser Descartes in Kamranh Bay, in the vicinity of which a number of Russian vessels are anchored.

Since his departure from Europe Admiral Rojestvensky has lost only eight men from disease, out of a total of 15,000. A Russian officer suffering from beri-beri has been placed in hospital here.

The Japanese have captured a large number of colliers off the coast.—Reuter.

FLEET STOPS A STEAMER.

HONG KONG, Monday.—The German steamer Brunhilde, which arrived here this morning, reports that she was stopped for two hours by three Russian cruisers on the 14th inst. thirty miles north of Cape Padaran, on the coast of Cochín China.

She counted in all thirty-three vessels steaming north-north-east at a speed of ten knots. The Russian fleet appeared to be in good condition.—Reuter's Special Service.

VESSEL AND CARGO CONFISCATED.

NAGASAKI, Monday.—The appeal in the case of the British steamer Nigretia, which was captured by the Japanese in December last while on a voyage from Shanghai to Vladivostok, has been rejected, and the vessel and her cargo have been confiscated.—Reuter.

SIXTEEN CAPTURED MERCHANTMEN.

An officer on a collier which has been taking coal to the Japanese has written home from Sasebo, the Japanese naval base, saying there are sixteen captured merchant vessels in that port.

He says most of the loading and unloading of vessels is done by women.

TRADING WITH THE FLEET.

PARIS, Monday.—A telegram from Saigon says that a French firm has bought the steamer Erinand, which yesterday left that port with a full cargo of various commodities for the Russian fleet.—Central News.

CONVERTED BY LOVE.

Millionaire To Embrace the Faith of
His Bride from the Ghetto.

Mr. J. Phelps Stokes, the millionaire-banker, scholar, and philanthropist, who has become so romantically engaged to Miss Pastor, a poor New York Ghetto girl, has decided to adopt the Hebrew faith.

Indignation felt among the Hebrew community at the possible turning of Miss Pastor from the faith of her fathers is converted into rejoicing.

Mr. Stokes, it is said, is so thorough in all things that he will be an active, earnest member of the Church of his adoption.

It is now made plain that the Ghetto girl would not marry the millionaire until he consented to profess her faith.

Miss Pastor was once a cigarette-maker. Three years ago she contributed views on various matters to the "Jewish Daily News," and so greatly were her letters esteemed that the editor invited "Zelde," as she signed herself, to join his staff. She accepted, at a salary of £3 a week.

In her new capacity she was one day sent to interview Mr. Stokes, who lived in the University Settlement in the lowest quarter of the city. He admired her from the first, but though he met her frequently said nothing of his feelings.

Last October the declaration came. "At that moment," explains Mr. Stokes, "according to the theory of the unity of souls, we were married."

The wedding ceremony will take place in July, and afterwards the happy pair will come to London to revisit scenes in the Ghetto of Whitechapel familiar to the bride.

THE "CAT" FOR SINNERS.

Strange Religious Society Recommends Corporal Punishment for the Wicked.

A novel religious crusade is about to be entered upon by a peculiar sect called the Holy Ghost and United States Society, whose members reside on the coast of the State of Maine.

The sect has purchased two schooner yachts, one of which is the celebrated racer Coronet, the winner of the race from New York to Queenstown in 1887.

Thirty missionaries will be placed on board each of the vessels to scatter their peculiar teachings all over the world.

The society prohibits medicine, tobacco, and alcohol, and advocates flogging for the sinful.

LIGHTNING-STRUCK CHURCH.

Ball of Fire Descends Into Choirboys' Room
and Causes a Panic.

A remarkable occurrence was reported last night from Richmond-on-Thames. A congregation had assembled at St. Matthias's Church on Sunday afternoon for service when a heavy thunderstorm broke over the neighbourhood, and the building was struck by lightning.

The electric wires in the church were fused, and the fire, assuming a ball-like shape, seemed to descend from the belfry into a room where the choir-boys were awaiting the arrival of the vicar. Wild confusion followed, for a door was wrenched from its hinges and struck one of the boys, who was badly injured.

The room was observed to be on fire, and the choirboys fled. A few buckets of water sufficed to extinguish the blaze. A large hole was rent in the roof and the service was abandoned.

Lamps had to be used for illumination in the evening, and a special prayer was offered.

GENERALS' QUARREL.

Possible Duel Between One Refused to Take
the Hand of the Other.

PARIS, Monday.—The newspapers state that as the outcome of an incident which occurred last week, when General Hagron refused in public to take the hand of General Percin, a first interview took place yesterday between the seconds of the two officers. The second of General Hagron raised the question of the constitution of a "jury of honour."

However, should the seconds of General Percin reject such a suggestion, the duel would not be abandoned, and there will be an encounter.—Reuter.

STRIKE TERRORISES TOWN.

The china workers' strike at Limoges grows more serious day by day.

The population [states the Exchange Telegraph Company] are in a complete state of panic.

At the Church of St. Michael yesterday the congregation suddenly rose and precipitately left the church.

The military are occupying all the public buildings and the works. Reinforcements of troops have arrived, and more are held in readiness near the town.

WELCOMING THE KING

His Majesty and the Queen Charm All
Hearts at Algiers.

Their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra received a most enthusiastic welcome on landing at Algiers yesterday from the royal yacht.

All the British residents had assembled on or near the quay, and many women and children carried bouquets bound with ribbons in the British colours for presentation.

Queen Alexandra, wearing a pearl-grey costume, landed first, the King following closely in a light brown overcoat and grey felt hat. While their Majesties were receiving the salutations of the British the band of the Zouaves played "God Save the King."

Entering carriages, the King and Queen and their party proceeded to the mosque of Sidi Abd El Rahman, an exhibition of Mussulman art, and the Summer Palace, where a luncheon was given by the French Governor.

Luncheon was served in the large banqueting hall, which was carpeted and adorned with plants and British and French flags. Covers were laid for forty-one.

King Edward had on his right Princess Victoria and on his left Princess Charles of Denmark. Queen Alexandra, who sat opposite the King, had on her right M. Jourant, the Governor of Algeria, and on her left Prince Charles of Denmark.

The banquet began to the strains of the British National Anthem, played by a string orchestra placed behind a screen of shrubs.

Along the whole route of their drive the King and Queen were greeted with shouts of "Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine!"

2,000 TOURISTS STRANDED.

British Visitors to Italy Unable to Leave Be-
cause of General Railway Strike.

The strike of the railway employees in Italy has become general, says the Exchange Telegraph Co.

The Government supplied the railway authorities with a sufficient number of soldiers on the understanding that the railway service would consist of one train daily on the principal lines, but this arrangement does not meet with the approval of the tourists and others.

The trains take thrice the ordinary time for any journey and then only a limited number of passengers is carried.

It is estimated that 2,000 British tourists are now in Italy and unable to leave. The railwaymen are issuing a manifesto to the country explaining their grievances.

"RACE SUICIDE" IN SCOTLAND

Lowest Birth-Rate Yet Recorded in the Regis-
trar-General's Returns for the Kingdom.

"The birth-rate is the smallest birth-rate for Scotland yet recorded in these annual reports."

"The birth-rate is the smallest birth-rate for Scotland."

This is a sentence which arrests the eye in the Registrar-General's Annual Report of the Births, Deaths, and Marriages registered in Scotland during 1904. For the first time the rate fell below 29 per 1,000 of the population.

From 1857 to 1879 it was over 34 per 1,000. Since 1893 it has exceeded 30 on only three occasions. The rate per 1,000 in the eight principal towns was lower than ever before. The number of marriages and the marriage-rate have also slightly decreased since 1903, the number being 67, and the rate being a fraction.

The actual number of deaths was nearly 2,000 more than in 1903, and though the rate was 1,000 showed a slight increase on that of 1903, it was in reality small, being for the third time only since 1857 under 17 per 1,000.

Over six per cent. of the births in the country were illegitimate, a slight increase in rate on the previous year, but somewhat lower than the average.

MAN-EATING VOLCANO ACTIVE.

PARIS, Monday.—The "Matin" this morning publishes a telegram from Port de France, announcing disquieting news from Martinique.

Mont Pelee, it is stated, is again showing volcanic activity.

Rumbling sounds are heard underground in the vicinity, and molten metal and flashes of light are seen in the crater.—Central News.

NO FOOD, DRINK, OR TOBACCO.

ST. LOUIS, Monday.—For the first time for years the law against Sunday trading was strictly enforced yesterday. Not only the liquor saloons, but all other places of business were closed, including the restaurants. As a result, numerous residents were unable to obtain either food, drink, or tobacco.—Laffan.

SPEAKER ILL AND TIRED OF WORK.

Mr. Gully Anxious to Resign—Dis-
solution Signs.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Monday Night.—

The illness of the Speaker is not, I believe, regarded as very serious, although it has been obvious to members for some time that Mr. Gully was suffering from the strain of his arduous official duties.

It is earnestly hoped that the Easter holiday will enable him to recuperate thoroughly.

I believe Mr. Gully's own desire was to retire at the end of the present session, but should it be regarded as certain that a general election will take place in the not-long-distant future, Mr. Gully will consent to hold the post until a new Parliament is elected.

No reply has yet been received, I understand, by the tariff reformers in reference to the overtures put forward by Mr. Chamberlain at the deputation to the Prime Minister a few days ago.

It is generally believed that Mr. Balfour will write a letter to Mr. Chamberlain, in which he will give his views on the various propositions which were put before him.

There is some reason to believe that Mr. Balfour is not likely to go all the way, which the tariff reformers anticipated, but the general outcome will probably be that a mutual understanding will be arrived at between the dissentient sections of the party.

C.-B.'s LITTLE SURPRISE

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's announcement that the official Opposition did not propose to vote against the second reading of the Agricultural Rating Bill came as a big surprise to the House to-day, and it is believed that the line taken by "C.-B." has been resolved upon in view of the imminence of the general election, to the extent that the Radical candidates have pledged themselves to support a renewal of the Bill.

A deputation of Liberal and Conservative members from Scotland waited on Mr. Balfour to-day and urged the importance of immediate legislation respecting the Church, difficultly in that country.

Mr. Balfour assured them that a measure would be at once introduced on the lines of the report made by the Commission appointed to inquire into the matter.

This report has been presented, and will be issued to members in a few days. I am informed that the Commission recommend the upholding of the House of Lords' decision by legislation to the extent that the Free Church shall only have control over churches where they form a substantial body of the congregation, and in cases where they are obviously able to manage the affairs of the different trusts connected with the church.

This, of course, is a considerable victory for the United Free Church, although it does not give them all they had claimed in the first place.

It is believed that the extreme Radical section of the Opposition will show their antipathy to the Aliens Bill by forcing a division when it is introduced to-morrow under the ten-minutes rule.

TALK WITH A GHOST.

Bishop and His Daughters Hold a Long
Colloquy by Means of Raps.

So persistent have been the rappings of a "ghost" at a house in Lampeter, occupied by Mr. Howells, the County Court registrar, that the landlord is to be asked to allow a chimney to be opened up.

It is believed that the "ghost" intends to indicate that something is concealed in this chimney. Its rappings make people stop in the street outside, and it held quite a long conversation—by table-rappings—with the Bishop of Swansea and his daughters.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Five persons perished in a fire which occurred in a farmhouse at Benasco, near Milan.

In the neighbourhood of Mr. Roosevelt's camp at Denver, Colorado, a fierce blizzard is raging.

Admiral Bayle has contracted with a Hong Kong firm for the refloating of the French cruiser Sully. If successful the price to be paid is £40,000.

In their attempts to suppress the rebellion in the Yemen the authorities find recruiting difficult owing to the discontent of the soldiers. Many to whom wages are due have taken their rifles home.

Mr. T. H. Allen, of Richmond, who is suffering from "spotted fever" (cerebro-spinal meningitis), is still very ill at King's College Hospital, but was yesterday reported to be on the road to recovery.

BATTLE OF RATES.

Great Protest Against Increasing Extravagance of the L.C.C.

COUNTY HALL SCHEME.

Lively interest is springing up among ratepayers in the doings of the London County Council.

To-day begins the great battle against what is known as the "spendthrift policy" of the Progressive majority.

Londoners will closely watch the proceedings at Spring-gardens, where a proposal to build, at a cost of £1,700,000, a new County Hall will either be carried or "referred back."

The voting will be on Party lines, the Progressives being in favour of the scheme, and the Moderates, while acknowledging the need for better accommodation for the Council, arguing that the cost is too heavy in the present depleted condition of the ratepayers' pockets.

"With the rates over 7s. in the £," said Mr. Towler, the secretary of the London Municipal Society yesterday, "ratepayers are beginning to ask when expenditure will be checked."

"The Education Committee, by providing quite unnecessarily stringent tests to the non-providing schools,arily condemned ninety-two of them. The replacing of these meant an increase of 3d. in the £."

"The scholarship question, which Lord Welby and Mr. Torrance, both strong Progressives, voted against, meant another 1d. on the rates."

Rates Trebled in 23 Years.

"Now the County Council has taken over the schools the ratepayers find that they have been thrown out of the frying pan into the fire."

"Of course, the new schemes are good. Everyone agrees with that. The point is London cannot afford them."

"In 1872 the average amount paid yearly by each ratepayer was £4 10s. Last year it was £12—almost trebled."

"There ought to be some limit in the matter of debt. Loans ought not to be for so long as sixty and even eighty years. For this means that the works undertaken become obsolete before they are paid for."

"And there is another danger in the huge number of municipalities there are 60,000, and of these 34,000 are L.C.C. employees."

The estimates for educational purposes for the coming year for Manchester were yesterday announced to be £800,135, an increase of nearly £46,000 over last year's. This means an increase of threepence in the local education rate.

CHILDREN'S MEMORY PRIZES.

Knowledge of Isaiah Encouraged by Will—Ex-Butler Leaves Over £60,000.

Three times a year prizes are to be given in the Sabbath schools of Lockhampton, Dumfries, to children who can repeat from memory the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and the fourth and fifth Commandments.

To each of the three ministers of the village Mr. George Hetherington, who recently died at Carlisle, has left £200 for the provision of these prizes, and he has left £300 to the Carlisle Fish-street Presbyterian Church of England for a similar purpose.

Mr. James Chrisp, of 3, The Elms, Sunderland, formerly a butler, has left gross estate £60,781 13s. 7d.

KIDNAPPED MINOLA.

Father's Title To Carry Off His Seven-year-old Daughter.

"She was one of the sweetest children that ever lived, and the life and soul of the school."

In these affectionate terms the principal of the school at Bexley spoke of the little seven-year-old girl, Minola, whose father snatched her from her mother's custody and bore her away in a brougham one day last week.

The job-master who drove the carriage from Bexley said: "Ay, she wor a bonny girl any father might be proud of."

The whereabouts of the parent and his child are now known only to themselves.

Minola's father is Mr. Hogan, a gentleman of independent means, well known in Sydney and other parts of Australia.

It is three years since he divorced his wife in the Australian courts and had the custody of the child given him.

FLOWERS FOR PAUPERS.

Camberwell Guardians will be recommended by the Infirmary Committee to-morrow to build a greenhouse, so that inmates may have a continuous supply of flowers.

DAY OF DISASTERS.

Heavy Toll of Lives in Boating Accident—Serious Motor Smash—Jockey Killed.

Yesterday was a day of disasters. Accidents crowded one upon the other.

News came from Belfast that a sailing party of six had been drowned off the coast of Donegal.

A well-known steeplechase jockey was killed whilst exercising a horse at Melton Mowbray, and a boy died from fright at some point-to-point races in Devonshire.

A party of British motorists were severely injured at Havre by the collision of their car with a goods train.

SAILING PARTY PERISH.

Sudden Squall Capsizes Light Vessel, Which Sinks with All Hands.

The most serious disaster is reported from Dunfanaghy Bay, Donegal, on the rocky northern coast of Ireland, where the Atlantic has unbridled sway.

It was on Sunday evening that a party of six men started out for a sail to Downings Bay, well known as fishing ground, in a small boat.

They did not return. A few hours later their little craft was found floating head upwards close to the shore.

It is thought that the men were caught in a sudden squall, their fragile boat was capsized, and all were drowned.

The victims are:—Richard Moore, carpenter on the Ards (Stewart) Estate; his son, William Robinson, boatman; Alex. Stewart, John Burns, Foster, and Robert Montgomery.

The two last-named were Derry men, temporarily employed at Dunfanaghy.

The bodies of Moore, Robinson, and Stewart were washed up yesterday morning, but the others have not been recovered.

Great gloom has been cast by the calamity over the little town of Dunfanaghy, which is about eighteen miles from the nearest station, and is about the most northerly point of the Irish Coast. The disaster will recall the fact that it was near this point that the British gunboat Wasp foundered about twenty-one years ago, her crew of fifty-two persons perishing.

The coast in this part has an unenviable reputation for such disasters, two of a like character having occurred during the present year in the locality.

JOCKEY KILLED.

Crushed Under Horse That Refused a Fence—Boy Dies on Racecourse.

Whilst engaged in training a young horse yesterday morning a deplorable accident befel a licensed steeplechase jockey named George Rice, who was attached to Mr. Charles Brown's training establishment at Melton Mowbray.

It appears that Rice and two others proceeded to Mr. Brown's training ground with three horses, and galloped them over a portion of the course in

the presence of Mr. Brown and one of his patrons. On reaching the fourth obstacle, an open ditch, the horse which Rice was riding failed to rise at the fence and crashed through the guard rail, then turned a complete somersault on to its rider, who expired shortly afterwards.

At the inquest last evening Dr. Fagge attributed death to rupture of a lung, and a verdict to that effect was returned.

Rice, who was twenty-eight years of age, was an accomplished horseman. He served his apprenticeship with Mr. Whipp at Beverley, and had been connected with Mr. Brown's establishment for about five years.

During the progress of a race at Tiverton Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases a boy named Samuel Wright, aged six, was frightened by a carriage horse running away.

He got out of the horse's way.

He then fell, and was picked up dead.

At the inquest yesterday it was said he was subject to fits.

MOTOR-CAR v. TRAIN.

British Subjects Injured in a Serious Collision in France.

A thrilling motor-car accident is reported from Havre.

Mr. Duncan Hay, his three sisters, and the chauffeur, were travelling at a good rate when they collided with a goods train.

The car turned a complete somersault, and all the occupants were thrown heavily to the ground. One of Mr. Hay's sisters was seriously injured, and all were badly bruised and shaken.

They were taken to Havre for medical treatment.

ARTILLERY IN TROUBLE.

Six Horses and Three Drivers Fall Into a Tangled, Struggling Heap.

The Royal Horse Artillery came to grief while manoeuvring in the Long Valley at Aldershot yesterday, a full team of six horses with their three drivers, drawing one of the guns of W Battery, falling in a tangled heap.

The Long Valley is an immense stretch of country where reviews are often held. It is a vast, sandy plain in the centre, but the surrounding land is wild, broken country, with a dangerous, uneven surface.

It was while passing over a particularly treacherous place in line at full gallop, with the guns clattering behind the flying horses, that one of the leaders of the second of the six guns stumbled in a hole and brought down the lot, the gun running on and piling itself on top of the horses and men.

The battery was halted, and the unfortunate drivers of the fallen team—by name Ash, Golding, and Tolley—were rescued in an unconscious condition and taken to Cambridge Hospital.

One had a broken leg, another a bad scalp wound, and the third suffered from concussion.

Remarkable to say, none of the horses were hurt.

MISS HANBURY'S WEDDING.

Quiet Ceremony To Be Followed by a Brilliant Reception.

On account of the bridegroom's recent illness the wedding of the charming and beautiful actress, Miss Lily Hanbury, to Mr. Herbert Guadalla, member of a well-known firm of chartered accountants, will take place at half-past eleven this morning at a West End registry office.

The precise location, however, cannot be made public, as Miss Hanbury does not wish for any demonstration. There will only be some six or seven persons present to witness the simple ceremony, since the bridegroom's health is inadequate for the strain of the lengthy Hebrew religious ceremony. The bride's mother and Miss Hilda Hanbury will be there.

Miss Lily Hanbury will wear a mauve cloth dress with a toque to match, and silver fox furs. Later on, at the reception to be held at Claridge's Hotel from three to six in the afternoon, she will appear in full bridal array.

The brief honeymoon will be spent on the South Coast, as Miss Hanbury is shortly returning to the stage.

Miss Alice Balfour, the Premier's sister, left London last night for Whittingehame for the Easter recess.

Messrs. H. S. King and Co., 65, Cornhill, have opened an account for the receipt of subscriptions in aid of sufferers by the earthquake at Lahore.

BEARERS OF THE "COOP."

Enormous Crowds Welcome the Victorious Team Back to Birmingham.

Birmingham was beside itself with delight yesterday evening when the Aston Villa team returned, bearing its trophy—"the pride of our hearts," as an enthusiastic member of the team called it.

A large crowd gave them a hearty send-off at Euston in the afternoon, but the welcome that awaited them at their destination was even warmer.

The original intention had been that they should return some hours earlier, and an elaborate programme of honours had been prepared, but in view of the untimely death of the Lord Mayor and his interment yesterday afternoon, the homecoming of the victors was delayed until after the funeral.

The crowd of workpeople round New-street Station was so great as almost to stop the traffic. Admission was gained by ticket, as, in anticipation of a crowd, the station had been closed to the public.

Vehicles Unhorsed.

The Mayor of Aston, Alderman Alfred Taylor, greeted the team as they stepped on the platform, and congratulated them and the directors on the great victory. Then Mr. Joseph Ansell, who is president of the club and town clerk of Aston, welcomed them with a kind speech, in which he mentioned that this was the fourth time he had had the pleasure of congratulating them upon winning the Cup.

On leaving the station the party was greeted with a burst of cheering. Half a dozen vehicles were in waiting to convey the party through the chief streets, but the progress was hindered several times by the dense crowd, who insisted upon taking the horses out of the vehicles.

SLUGGISH "EXPRESS."

Traveller's Bitter Complaint of His Railway Journey to Victoria Falls.

Bitter complaint is made in "The Globe" by a traveller who signs himself "S. C.," of the lack of accommodation on the railway which runs from the Cape to the Victoria Falls.

He states that the "so-called train-de-luxe" does not run further than Bulawayo; from there tourists have to proceed by goods trains. They have to supply their own bedding and food, and this "express" is timed to travel 293 miles in 24 hours.

Messrs. Cook and Sons told the *Daily Mirror* that they had been issuing through tickets to the Falls for several months, and not one complaint had yet been lodged.

CHARGED BY ELEPHANTS.

Baronet's Narrow Escape from Monsters That "Screamed Like a Railway Whistle."

While shooting big game recently in East Africa Sir Edmund Lechmere was twice charged by a brace of elephants.

On the first occasion the party were within thirty yards of two elephants before they were aware of their presence. The nearer animal suddenly charged, screaming like a railway whistle, and the other followed. Both were shot, one falling dead close to Sir Edmund and the other crashing away into the forest.

Two days later a couple of huge brutes charged. The guide shot one, and Sir Edmund shot the other when it was only three strides from him, with his second barrel.

SMOULDERED TWO DAYS.

Remarkable Outbreak of Fire in a Thames Street Paper Warehouse.

Several firemen and Salvage Corps men were badly cut by falling glass at a serious fire in Upper Thames-street yesterday morning, and the damage amounts to many thousands of pounds.

The outbreak occurred in the basement of the paper warehouse of Messrs. C. Davidson and Sons, and it is believed that paper had been smouldering since Saturday, and that the opening of the building for business yesterday introduced a current of air which caused flames to burst forth.

Hundreds of tons of water were pumped on to the fire from the powerful river-float stationed at Blackfriars.

GREAT CITY IN MOURNING.

Birmingham paid affectionate tribute to its late Lord Mayor (Mr. Berkeley), whose funeral took place yesterday.

The whole city was in mourning, and at the memorial service, held at midday, Bishop Gore, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, and Mr. Jesse Collings were present.

TRAGEDY OF THE TIN TRUNK.

Mother's Painful Ordeal at the
Opening of the Inquest.

PRISONER PRESENT.

In the small coroner's court at West Kilburn, Dr. Gordon Hogg yesterday afternoon opened the inquest upon the bodies of Mrs. Devereux and her twin babies, the victims of the Harlesden tragedy.

As Arthur Devereux was driven into the courtyard a hostile murmur arose from the hundreds gathered in the roadway. He was handcuffed, and wore the same fawn overcoat, light felt hat, and green tie that he wore in the police court.

Before the opening of the short, formal proceedings, the jury were instructed to view the bodies. It was an unpleasant ordeal, and the faces of the twelve betrayed their distaste. They passed out from the crowded court with grim, set features and apprehensive eyes. Within three minutes they were back again. The harshest glance at the three bodies had been sufficient.

Dr. Hogg briefly recalled the chief facts. It would be necessary, he explained, to establish identification, so that the bodies could be buried.

Cause of Death Unknown.

"Up to the present," he said gravely, "we know nothing as to the cause of death." That would be determined by Sir Thomas Stevenson, the Government expert, to whom portions of the bodies had been sent for analysis.

In the meantime he desired the jury to avoid theorising, to listen to the rumours, and to keep open minds upon the subject.

Then Mrs. Gregory was called to identify the bodies of her daughter and grandchildren. She wore deep mourning, and her pleasant face, surrounded by grey hair, was lined with grief.

"Is the body you have seen," asked Dr. Hogg kindly, "that of Beatrice Ellen Maud Devereux, your daughter?" "Yes," whispered Mrs. Gregory amid the strained silence of the crowded court.

She told how she recognised the features and the clothes, and described the black silk blouse and flannel petticoat which the dead woman wore. She kept her back turned on Arthur Devereux as he sat, as calm and unconcerned as ever, between two Brixton warders.

Painful Hesitation.

"And the children," queried Dr. Hogg, in his pleasant voice, "do you recognise them?" Mrs. Gregory hesitated painfully.

There was a little sigh, and the jet in her bonnet quivered with the tremor of pain which shook her. "Yes," she whispered hoarsely; and in the same trembling tone she expressed the opinion that it was at night that the three met their death. The babies were wearing night garments.

"Do you recognise the clothes?" continued the coroner. "I made them myself," said Mrs. Gregory, and the court waited a moment. The accused man had been looking round the court. His eyes expressed some nervous strain, but there was little else in his demeanour to indicate anything other than calm interest in the proceedings. But for a moment his head dropped, and involuntarily his hands were clenched.

A moment later he had resumed his cool survey of the court.

Next came the awful trunk, and Mrs. Gregory told how it was bought at Stroud two years ago, together with the strap, by Arthur Devereux.

After warning the jury again to keep open minds as to how death came to the three, the coroner adjourned the inquest indefinitely.

Funeral To-day at Willesden.

The funeral will take place to-day at Willesden Cemetery. Mrs. Gregory and her daughter, a sister of the dead woman, will be the sole mourners.

It is probable that the adjourned inquest will be held in about three weeks. Thursday's proceedings at the police court will consist only of formal evidence and another remand.

The analysis of portions of the bodies of the victims will be completed to-day by Sir Thomas Stevenson, the famous Home Office pathologist.

WHY THE MILK WAS MISSED.

Very meek-looking, a boy and girl living at Oak Village, Gospel Oak, were credited at Marylebone Police Court yesterday with carrying out a system of stealing milk which had been left in the morning at the doors of residents in the locality.

Birch rod for the boy was the magistrate's prescription for this weakness. The girl was bound over.

SAVED THREE MEN'S LIVES.

Recognition of John Stockton's gallantry at Warrington, on March 6, has been made by the Royal Humane Society.

Stockton rescued three men who had been struck down by foul gas in a sewer. The society's silver medal has been awarded him.

SHADOW OF A SIN.

Ticket-of-Leave Man Hampered in His
Attempts To Retrieve His Character.

The creditable effort of a ticket-of-leave man to redeem and conceal his past by living an honest life was revealed at Bow-street yesterday.

Oscar Leopold Otten, thirty-five, was charged with failing to notify his change of address in accordance with the licence given him when released from penal servitude in September last.

He took a room in Gower-street, but afterwards went to live with his wife and family in Hunter-street, near a shop in which he had got work as a chemist's manager.

Urged going to the police station on Sunday to make his customary monthly report Otten was arrested.

Though acting by the strict letter of the law, the police took a lenient view of Otten's offence, and a detective told the magistrate that the man had been working very hard.

He had kept on his room at Gower-street, but did not give his Hunter-street address, as he did not wish his employer to know of his past.

On being discharged Otten fainted in the dock, and he and his weeping wife had to be assisted out of court.

"AIRSHIPS FOR CONVICTS."

Prisoner Indulges in Bitter Irony at the
Expense of Police and Magistrate.

"I'll go to the sessions," said a stoutly-built man who is under police supervision, and who was charged yesterday at Worship-street with attempted theft.

"There ought to be some way of making the police tell the truth," said the accused, commenting on the police evidence.

Mr. Cluer: There can be no way of doing that until we all wear an automatic phonograph.

Prisoner: It don't make much difference to this charge, but it does to me to be picked up in the street, for I've got five or six convictions behind me.

Mr. Cluer: You have taken the case out of my hands, so you can make those remarks at the sessions. I may say you might have been discharged here.

Prisoner (quickly): Oh, if you want to discharge me I'll have the case settled here.

Mr. Cluer: No, go to the sessions. You may get discharged there.

Prisoner (bitterly): Convicts must walk on the houseposts in future, or get an airship or something.

JUDGE AND DETECTIVE.

Divorce President "Does Not Know What
Sherlock Holmes Would Say."

After an absence of nearly an hour, a special jury in the Divorce Court granted a decree nisi to Mr. Richard Wright on the ground of his wife's misconduct with a young student named Pico.

It seemed a remarkable thing, said the Judge in summing-up, that the detectives, told off to watch the wife and the co-respondent, who were travelling on the Continent with a large party, went completely off the track, and at one time missed them altogether.

"I do not know," remarked the Judge, smiling, "what Sherlock Holmes would say, but it was a remarkable thing that at one time of the overshadowing, the detectives lost the trail altogether. Nevertheless a report was sent as to the alleged movements of the accused persons."

BAIT FOR A JUDGE.

Mr. Justice Joyce Rejects Recommendation to
Engage in Speculation.

When Mr. Hughes, K.C., on behalf of Mr. Brough, made an application in the Chancery Court yesterday to restrain the London and New York Exchange from dealing with money lying at the Middlesex Bank, he remarked that the Exchange in question was a largely advertised affair.

Mr. Justice Joyce: Yes, I know. I have had it recommended to me.

Counsel: I hope your Lordship did not—

His Lordship (interrupting): No, I didn't.

His Lordship: It appears to me to be a swindle as far as I could make out. If these people do not choose to come and tell me it is not, I shall make an order.

He granted an interim injunction.

LOOPHOLES FOR CRIME.

"It was loose, I admit," said Dr. Kesteven, who told the Lambeth coroner yesterday that he had certified the death of a child without seeing the body. "I knew," he added, "that the child's health was liable to cause convulsions."

The medical man was censured, the coroner remarking that such a system left large openings for crime.

CRIME MYSTERY.

Retrial of the Strange Case of the
Hansom Cab.

ENCHANTRESS IN DOCK.

Is "Nan" Patterson guilty of murdering Frank T. Young on June 4, 1904?

Once again, yesterday, a New York jury had to face this problem: "The Mystery of the Hansom Cab and the Florodora Girl," as New York calls it.

When a jury last endeavored to unravel the puzzle a disagreement took place. "Nan" Patterson, or Mrs. Nan Rudolph Patterson, the "Florodora Girl," has been on trial for eighteen days. These eighteen days had been divided by a month's adjournment in the middle.

Yesterday, when the "Florodora Girl's" ordeal was renewed, she was confronted by the pitiless stare of a court full of New York womenfolk.

The women spectators have no pity, for it is "common ground" that "Nan" Patterson stole "Cesar" Young from his wife. "Cesar" Young, a well-known New York bookmaker, met the "Florodora Girl" in San Francisco.

When he saw the girl the bookmaker forgot all about his wife—herself a very beautiful woman—



NAN PATTERSON.

in New York, and gave himself up to an infatuation that resulted in his death.

But whether that death was inflicted by his own hand or that of the "Florodora Girl" is for the jury that meets to-day to decide. It is the mystery.

Mrs. Young made a great struggle to rescue her husband from his abandonment to his illicit love. But when she succeeded in getting him away from the "Florodora Girl," the latter pursued husband and wife, and resumed her sway.

Finally, Mrs. Young planned to take her husband to Europe, and leave the "Florodora Girl" behind in America.

On the morning of June 4 last year the wife stood on the quayside by the Atlantic liner, and she was full of hope that a few short hours would put miles of sea between her husband and the woman that had ruined him.

Her husband had promised to meet her on the quay. He had gone out early in the morning, "to buy a hat and get a shave," he had said.

A Last Interview.

But in reality he had gone to meet the "Florodora Girl" to have a last interview with the "enchanted."

The liner left without him. As the boat sailed away the bookmaker was lying dead, with a bullet-wound in his left side.

The shot had been fired in the West Broadway. "Cesar" Young had been seen driving to the quay in a cab. By his side—his left side—sat the "Florodora Girl." Then a shot was heard.

Passers-by rushed to the cab. Young was stretched across the "Florodora Girl's" lap. The smoking revolver that had killed him was in his pocket. "He has shot himself," said the "Florodora Girl."

A month before this "Nan" Patterson's sister had written the following words to "Cesar" Young:—

"Nan has been with me since Monday, when she left, accompanied by my sister, who, fearing in her perturbed condition she might do something either serious to you or herself, came to New York. . . . Nan is frantic."

Was it because "Nan" Patterson was frantic that the shot was fired, or was it because "Cesar" Young was desperate, and found it impossible at the last moment to escape from the girl?

An extraordinary heat wave is passing over northern Cornwall. In many places summer flowers are in full bloom.

GIRL ELECTIONEER.

Strange Charge of Forging a Municipal
Nomination Paper.

Arising out of the November municipal elections in West Ham, a curious case came before the local magistrates yesterday.

A girl of seventeen—Kate Wool, of 23, Martin-street, Stratford—was charged with unlawfully forging a nomination paper put in on behalf of John Joseph Terrett, meat salesman, of Forest Gate, who was a candidate for the Broadway Ward of the borough.

It was stated by the prosecution that eight out of ten signatures on one of Mr. Terrett's nomination papers were forged.

The following remarkable letter from the young woman was read in court:—

Dear Joe,—Just a line to tell you I am sorry for the great wrong I have committed towards you. But I can honestly say I done it quite innocently.

I thought that I was helping you by signing those names, and I also thought that a nomination paper was just a mere form to signify you had some promises of votes. But I am ready to do whatever you please in repentance for it.

I will come up to the Grove (where public meetings are held) on Sunday morning and apologise for it.

I will do my best to get you in at the by-election—that is, if you will let me come and help you.

I think I have worried you enough. Dad did not scold me on Thursday, but he lectured me quietly, and told me to be more careful another time, which I certainly shall, for this has been a great lesson to me.

P.S.—I have written this letter unknowingly to dad.

Miss Wool was remanded on her own recognisances.

"COOP"-TIE SEQUELS.

Magistrate Gives a Mild Reproof to Visitors
from the North Country.

"Suppose," said Mr. Denman at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday, "all those who came to London to see football got drunk, a nice state London would be in. If that happened football would have to be stopped."

Mr. Denman, however, dealt with the Football Cup offenders very leniently.

The list of night charges at Bow-street yesterday included about half-a-dozen North-countrymen, who had come up to see the great football match at the Crystal Palace on Saturday.

With the exception of one man, who was ordered to pay the doctor's fee, the excursionists were all discharged.

The man who had seen the doctor was asked by the magistrate why he was medically attended.

"Well," he replied, "and cum up 'ee 'coop-tie and had a drink or two, boot I didna think I was so drunk as I thought I was."

One old man, who had been in the Strand Workhouse Infirmary for nearly six months, said he belonged to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and he took his discharge on Saturday "to see some of the old faces."

ABOUT A DEAF CHILD.

Magistrates Compel Parent to Send Him to a
Special School.

Of unusual interest was the education case heard before the Bromley (Kent) magistrates yesterday, when Arthur John Reeves, of Arthur-road, Beckenham, was summoned for not providing his son with efficient elementary education.

Mr. F. Stevens, clerk to the Beckenham Education Committee, stated that the lad was stone deaf, and the committee desired to send him to a special school for deaf children at Croydon, where lip reading, etc., was taught and deaf children were specially trained.

Reeves said that the boy now went regularly to the ordinary school, and he thought that was sufficient.

The Chairman: Surely it must occur to you that it is to the boy's interest and to yours that he should go to a proper school.

Defendant: I shan't let him go.

The Chairman: We shall make the order that he is to attend this special school.

"STRONGEST MAN IN LONDON."

At an inquest in the Holborn coroner's court yesterday on the sudden death of Mr. Charles Heritage, a well-known Soho dog-fancier, it was stated by Dr. Gould that deceased was the strongest man in London.

Death was due to sudden failure of the heart's action after having eaten a hearty supper.

Mr. Justice Bucknill will celebrate his sixtieth birthday to-day.

"MAD MULLAH'S" WARRIORS.

Shockheaded, Dusky Visitors Arrive at the Crystal Palace.

TIGER-LIONS ON VIEW.

Roaming about the grounds of the Crystal Palace are some thirty dusky followers of the "Mad Mullah," who have come from their herds and pastures in Somaliland to exhibit themselves to the Englishmen.

On Easter Monday, when huts have been built for them, the olive-skinned tribesmen with the glorious white teeth are to give a representation of life as, with war dance, wild animal hunt, spear-throwing, and "little affairs" with neighbouring tribes, it runs its picturesque course on the prairies of North-East Africa.

The Somali is an interesting fellow to watch. He is the handsomest of all coloured men, and very vain of his appearance. Nature has endowed him with a great luxuriant crop of woolly hair, which he wears parted in the middle. Were his skin white he might easily be mistaken for a certain famous pianist.

When he opens his mouth to smile one sees nothing more of his face than his ears and rows of gleaming white teeth, large, regular, and strong, which every quarter of an hour he brushes deftly with a piece of cane.

His clothing consists of a white sheet, thrown over the shoulders like a Japanese kimono, and a blanket.

His feet, covered with silver rings, are enclosed in sandals with turned-up toes. His legs are remarkably slender.

Does Not Like Work.

Yesterday he was busy carrying bundles from one part of the grounds to another. An English labourer would have slipped them on his back.

The Somali approached each load with a laugh, examined it carefully, grew grave, burst forth into a little chant, signalled two others to his help, and then all three lifted it together on to the back of a fourth, who ran away with it grinning.

The Somali does not like work. He is too much amused by it ever to take it seriously. He smiles, shows his teeth, and murmurs, "Gah-el-gaz-ek mbire," which means, "I'd rather not." They all have a great respect for Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, the famous animal-dealer of Hamburg, under whose auspices the village entertainment is taking place. One runs up every now and then to the great naturalist, smiles in his face, and yells, "Hagbeck! Hagbeck!" Whereupon Mr. Hagenbeck puts his arm on the shoulder, makes mysterious motions with his hands, and exclaims, "Futse Jabjee," which means, "Good fellow!"

A feature of the display will be a collection of wild animals indigenous to Somaliland and a wonderful species of cross-bred lions. They weigh 150lbs. more than either tiger or lion, and have the tail and mane of a lion and the striped skin of a tiger.

THE NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Overwhelmingly Large Orders for Part III, Which Is Ready To-day.

The enormous interest taken in the publication of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" is shown by the fact that the orders for Part III., which is published to-day, have been as overwhelmingly large as those for the first two parts.

The general opinion of the reading public may always be trusted, and the fact that the sale of this new work of reference has exceeded all previous records proves both that the need for such a work exists and that "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" meets the need.

Two things are essential to a work of reference intended for general use. It must be reliable and it must be cheap. These two qualities now meet for the first time in a work of this class. Hitherto cheapness has meant inadequacy. The only encyclopædias worth possessing were quite outside the reach of persons of modest means. The poor man could only obtain them by burdening himself with an engagement to pay monthly instalments reaching over a long period. The few cheap encyclopædias that existed were so inadequate as to be of little practical use.

"The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" is second to none in its completeness and in its accuracy. To this must be added the fact that it is the only encyclopædia now on the market which is up-to-date in every particular. Its 50,000 articles are the work of living specialists, and have been kept open till the moment of going to press in order that the latest word on every subject might be inserted.

Part III., which is published to-day, is identical in size and quality with the first two fortnightly parts, which are still on sale. It contains 160 profusely illustrated pages dealing at length with some 1,200 subjects.

The price of each fortnightly part is sevenpence. Thus for one halfpenny per day the standard encyclopædia of the century can be obtained by everyone.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No date has yet been fixed for the marriage of the Marquis of Bute and Miss Bellingham, but it is expected that it will be some time in July. The nuptials will take place at Castle Bellingham, in the Roman Catholic parish church of Kilsaran.

Mr. B. S. Straus, L.C.C., has been again selected Liberal candidate for the Mile End Parliamentary Division.

Aliens who cannot read, speak, and write English moderately well will not, in future, it is said, be accepted for naturalisation.

Considerable regret has been caused in the Knarborough district by the decision of the governors to close King James's Grammar School through lack of funds.

Between sixty and seventy pounds of honey was obtained when a swarm of bees had been removed from a recess near the signboard of a well-known hotel in the neighbourhood of Dulwich.

Noticing references in the *Daily Mirror* to hens laying large eggs, a correspondent writes that at Swadlincote, Derbyshire, recently a hen's egg was found with a circumference of 8½ in. and a girth of 6½ in.

After the death of an aged-Wolverhampton woman, supposed to be destitute, forty sovereigns were found in a tin box belonging to her, and a Post Office Savings Bank book showed that over £130 stood to her credit.

"I have got a new blouse which buttons at the back, and, as I don't like to ask the neighbours, I have to keep Johnnie at home to fasten it for me." This reason for keeping her ten-year-old boy from school was given an attendance officer by a Chester-le-street (Durham) mother.

"By taking dogs to sea," said an official at Lowestoft yesterday, "fishermen do not escape payment for licences."

St. Columba Presbyterian Church, Leeds, has been sold by private treaty, and is now likely to be converted into business premises.

"You are an extraordinary individual," said the chief constable at Scarborough Police Court to a man who said he took out a dog licence when he had not got a dog.

Evidence at a Ragsdale inquest on the wife of a retired Army officer showed that she had written to and obtained through the post from a store in London four ounces of pure chloroform.

Mr. Channing's Old Age Pension Bill, issued yesterday, provides 5s. weekly for every person over sixty-five who establishes his claim to be placed upon the pension register of his district.

Lullington Church, near Lewes, in Sussex, is credited with being the smallest place of worship in England. Its dimensions are only 16 ft. square. There are six houses in the parish; and the living is worth £40 a year.

POSITIONS OF THE HOSTILE FLEETS.



Admiral Rojestvensky's fleet is officially reported as having been sighted at Kamranh Bay, only 750 miles from the Pescadores Islands, where the greater part of the Japanese fleet is believed to be.

When fined £5 for street-betting at Walworth, a sixteen-year-old bookmaker promptly paid the money at Lambeth yesterday.

At Navan (Meath) to-day the table of the Irish House of Lords, on which the Act of Union was signed, is to be sold by auction.

Liverpool's new cotton exchange, which is to be erected in Old Hall-street, will cost £139,000, that being the accepted contract price.

Although fifty men were working on a new building in the City-road at the time, Henry Beard, labourer, Kingsland-road, fell into the basement area with fatal result, not one of them witnessed the accident.

For an unbroken period of fifty years Mr. J. H. Woolley, a magistrate for Derbyshire, was a member of the Belper Board of Guardians, until he resigned through ill-health. Out of compliment he has now been co-opted.

What was once the post office in High-street, Burton-on-Trent, has been purchased by Lord Burton and Mr. Robert Radcliff. It is their intention to convert the premises into a constitutional club and present them to the Unionist Party.

Leicester hosiery manufacturers find that the competition of Germany and America grows keener every month. The Germans are able to produce hosiery at smaller cost than English makers, and now the Americans are following in their wake.

"Stolen and sold by auction on behalf of the Bishops' Education Act" is the inscription on a brass plate affixed to a study chair belonging to a Baptist minister at Baintree, Essex.

It is denied that Mr. Alan H. Burgoyne, who is opposing Mr. T. Gibb Bowles, M.P., in the tariff reform interest at King's Lynn, has been repudiated by the central Conservative office in London.

In the grounds of Luval, Haslemere (Surrey), a green woodpecker was found hanging out of a hole in a tree. The bird had been accidentally killed through its long tongue having become fixed to a crevice of the trunk.

Posted eight years ago, a letter containing a railway dividend has just reached a Southport man. He had never resided further away than Bolton, but the post office authorities have only just discovered his whereabouts.

While the carriage of a quarter of wheat from Kettering to Leicester (twenty-seven miles) is 8s. 8d., the same quantity, a correspondent points out, is carried from New York to Liverpool for 10d. Twenty years ago the cost was 4s. per quarter.

Methods of dealing with the wounded on British warships have been under consideration by a special committee appointed by the Admiralty. As a result the newer vessels are being fitted with lifts to work up and down the large torpedo hatches, with facilities for discharge between decks.

CINEMATOGRAPH

"MARTYR."

Devoured by Lions in a Twentieth Century Roman Arena.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

Seldom has a more interesting drama appeared on any stage than the death of a Christian martyr, which, recently produced in Paris, is illustrated by the photographs reproduced on page 9. Real lions took part in the performance, and they tore to pieces a realistic representation of a Christian martyr, and, although the expense of producing this drama was considerable, and many actors took part in it, it was only presented once. After the one performance its purpose was served, and it will probably never be acted again.

This series of spectacles was arranged solely to give its originators the opportunity of securing sensational cinematograph films. In a tall, glass-roofed building just outside Paris the firm of Pathe Brothers built an imitation Roman arena. In the centre of the great tiers of seats sat Nero, the Emperor, crowned with a silver wreath and surrounded by his favourites. Once the scene was set the cinematograph was started and the drama began. First Roman soldiers marched round with a Christian captive in their midst and saluted their ruler. Then the guards seized the captive and dragged him, resisting, to a stake in the centre of the arena, to which he was securely bound.

SENSATION OF THE DRAMA.

For a few minutes the cinematograph was stopped, and a dummy figure was substituted for this captive. Attached to the dummy were large pieces of raw meat.

Then came the sensation of the drama, more striking than has ever been presented in any theatre. At a signal from Nero, Juliano, a lion-tamer well-known on the Continent, entered driving before him into the arena four great lions. The man was clad in armour, and looked like one of the gladiators of Nero's time.

The lions roamed round the arena for a time until one of them saw the food awaiting them at the stake. With a roar he rushed at the "martyr," and savagely attacked his prey. The helpless man was apparently torn to pieces, and the cinematograph secured a most realistic set of pictures representing the martyrdom of a Christian.

WHY THE MOTOR TRAP FAILED.

On page 1 will be found some amusing illustrations showing why the trap which the police arranged for motorists on the Brighton road failed. After hearing of the many convictions secured the previous week, Mr. Jarrott, the well-known motorist, arranged a system of patrols on cycles and motor-cars who warned any driver that they thought likely to be stopped. To make these warnings effective it was necessary to locate the police-trap, and this was effectually done as demonstrated most completely by our photographs.

One of the hidden policemen who were watching for cyclists was successfully stalked by a *Daily Mirror* photographer, and, all unconscious that he had been discovered, was "snapped" in his hiding-place. Another policeman was photographed as he was leaving his shelter after having vainly watched for an erring motorist.

FROM CLERK TO SINGER.

Thoroughly worn out with repeated attempts to secure work, Mr. Barrieton, a clerk, walked into the Alhambra Music Hall and asked Mr. Scott, the manager, if there was any possible situation he could find him.

Mr. Scott replied: "If you could only sing, now, I might help you." "I can a little," was the dubious reply.

The result was Mr. Scott discovered that the out-of-work clerk possessed a splendid baritone voice. Mr. Scott at once put it to the test, and Mr. Barrieton appeared before the public for the first time in the largest theatre in London. The public endorsed Mr. Scott's opinion, and are nightly calling Barrieton, whose photograph appears on page 8, three or four times before the curtain.

Part III.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1905

A QUIET HOLIDAY.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is having a quiet holiday in the wild West, but it is amazing how all the details get into the papers.

The President cannot break in a bucking broncho, or shoot a 600lb. bear, or get caught in a blizzard without all the journals in all the States being filled with the minutest details of his exploits. Do what he can, the unfortunate Mr. Roosevelt cannot secure peace and privacy even among the cowboys and the grizzlies.

At one town, we are told, the inhabitants made the serious tactical error of mistaking the presidential tour for a circus procession. They wished to put the President in front of a bear in a cage and behind a brass band, and thus march him through the town for the benefit of admiring citizens. Doubtless there would have been coloured posters of the show, but on this important point the cable remains silent.

On hearing of the suggestion the President appears to have shown some justifiable annoyance. But perhaps if he were to be a little more strenuous in his efforts to exclude the ubiquitous Pressman, he might obtain more of the rest and quiet after which his soul yearns.

BUMBLE AS SPENDTHRIFT.

In days gone by Bumble was a very saving fellow. He was not particularly honest, he was horribly selfish, and, as far as the poor were concerned, his heart was a heart of stone. So Charles Dickens painted him in "Oliver Twist," and when Bumble saw the very life-like portrait it struck him that it might be as well to reform. He has been reforming ever since.

At first the reformation was a great success. Everybody was glad to see Bumble developing a heart and other human attributes, and whenever he took a step forward there was much applause and clapping of hands, so that he began before long to regain something of his old swagger.

Unfortunately, while he has never reached perfection, Bumble has gone too far. He went off on a side track some time ago under the impression that what the ratpayers wanted was to see as much of their money spent as possible, and now you may find him showering gold right, left, and centre on anything and everything that comes in his way. "All right," he says, with a wink, "there's plenty more where that came from."

So it comes about that very undeserving people have quite a comfortable time, comparatively speaking, while hard-working ratpayers are nearly beggared by the drain upon their purses. And the hard-working ratpayers are at last beginning to wake up to the fact that Bumble is a rake and a spendthrift, and that they must begin to reform him all over again.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Affection should not be too sharp-eyed, and Love is not to be gained by magnifying glasses.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE belief of all true loyalists that King Edward is in mysterious collusion with the Clerk of the Weather has been thoroughly confirmed during this Mediterranean tour of his. "King's weather," that is to say, weather which the majority wants, has followed him consistently about. The sun shone upon his movements at first, and followed him out of Marseilles. Then he arrives at Algiers, where rain, not sun, is anxiously awaited. Immediately it begins to rain, and the natives, of course, believe that King Edward brought the rain in his pocket. Really "King's weather" ought to do a great deal to extend the sphere of the entente cordiale with foreign nations.

To-morrow is Primrose Day, and once more, in honour of Benjamin Disraeli, the country near London has been ransacked for the pale flowers which seem a strange offering to make to the memory of one whose tastes were for all things sumptuous and strange, and who much preferred begonias and scarlet chrysanthemums to anything so unobtrusive as a primrose. The yearly slaughter of primroses is made all the more absurd

when one remembers that the whole association of the flower with Lord Beaconsfield arose out of a misunderstanding.

Queen Victoria was always great friends with Beaconsfield. He used to call her "your Majesty" and treat her with a flattering Oriental deference of manner. So, when the great man died, the Queen sent a wreath of primroses to the grave, and on the wreath was written, as an exceptional compliment to his memory, these words: "With the Queen's sympathy, *his* favourite flower." Now, for the Queen there was only one *he* in the universe, and that was the Prince Consort. But the public, forgetting the fact, attributed the taste for primroses to the Prime Minister instead of to the Queen's dead, but forgotten, husband.

Dr. William Osler, the new Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford, who has just been advocating an export duty on marriageable girls leaving Canada, is certainly an original thinker. We commented yesterday upon the scientist's faculty for announcing new "facts" whenever he happens to be bored with old ones, and an instance in point is Dr. Osler discovering, in an age of longevity, when many men are considered boys until they are thirty and rising young men

until they are past fifty, that no one can ever produce first-rate work after the "middle years" have begun.

All such singular pronouncements Dr. Osler probably regards as recreations after the day's work. When he was at Baltimore he used always to urge his medical students to read Shakespeare, or to collect stamps, or to do something which should take them away from anatomy for at least a few moments every day. Every Saturday evening he used to invite his pupils to his beautiful home, find out all about their ambitions, and give them his advice. Consequently "the boys," as he called them, had a kind of adoration for him. When he is not inventing odd "facts" about middle age, Dr. Osler is hunting about for first editions, of which he possesses a unique collection.

The Board of Agriculture would scarcely have chosen a more fitting person to act as chairman to the committee of distinguished people which it has appointed to inquire into the nature of grouse disease than Lord Lovat, who is the most patriotic of Highlanders, and an expert ornithologist as well. He has a magnificent collection of birds at his Scotch home, Beaufort Castle, and these he has gathered from every corner of the globe. He wandered once all over Abyssinia, with a volume of his beloved Robert Louis Stevenson in his pocket, and had an interview with the Emperor Menelik.

When he came back he delivered some lectures to his clan about his travels. These were rather more successful than the speech he once made in the House of Lords. He rose, leaning upon a cane, and intended to tell the House about South Africa, and the splendid body of scouts which he had organised to serve there. Unfortunately, he only uttered sixteen words, and then, like Mr. Winston Churchill on a certain famous occasion, collapsed into his seat again. He is indeed more of a soldier than an orator.

The news that Lord Curzon has again been indisposed lately, and has persisted, in spite of his indisposition, in doing all his work while in bed, illustrates very forcibly the difficulties against which he has had to struggle during his brilliant career. He has always had to fight against weak health; sometimes he has to lie up for weeks together; yet he never speaks of the suffering he goes through; and never allows it to interfere with his work. When I last saw him he was speaking at the Mansion House, and looked pale and careworn. But the speech was nevertheless an excellent one. He seemed to me then to have the gift of rising above illness by indomitable courage.

Sir Horatio Lloyd, who has now nearly recovered from the effects of his severe fall, is probably the only Judge who has ever held his Court in a railway carriage. One afternoon he was hearing some unimportant case in Wales. The evidence had all been given when Sir Horatio remarked that he wanted to catch a 5.20 train to Chester. Accordingly, counsel for the defendant and for the plaintiff both entered the train with the Judge. Fortunately they had the carriage to themselves. One counsel had the interval between two stations allotted to him for his speech, and the other that between the next two stations. Afterwards, just before they got to Chester, the Judge himself spoke, only interrupting him in the tunnels!

The fact that the Hon. Everard Baring, Lord Curzon's military secretary, has decided to resign his position and to return home would seem to show that the climate of India has not suited his charming wife, Lady Ulrica Duncombe, who only went out with him at the end of last year, very soon after her marriage. She is a daughter of Lord Feversham, and is a most beautiful woman. She is also unusually well educated, and took a degree at Girton College, Cambridge. After that she qualified as a trained nurse, and worked in the East End.

There she met the present Bishop of London, then Bishop of Stepney, and became engaged to him. The engagement was, however, broken off with the friendliest feelings on both sides, shortly afterwards. Apropos of Lady Ulrica's beauty I remember that all kinds of stories, which ought to be taken with the customary grain of salt, used to be told of how her mother, protected her daughter's appearance when she was a little girl. She wore gauze veils, it is said, and bathed her face in dew, and in milk, and fed upon the most expensive food imaginable. Well, that training has certainly turned out a triumphant success.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 17.—The garden is in its full spring beauty. The hot April sun is beginning to open the early tulips. Like other spring flowers, tulips should be grown in bold masses. If they are simply dotted about the borders, half their charm is lost. Brilliant scarlet and bright yellow varieties are now in bloom; and, as these, perhaps, are the most striking colours, the garden seems lit with a new light.

Daffodil-time is at its height. Let me, at this season, recommend daffodil enthusiasts to visit some nursery where countless varieties of narcissi are grown. Notes can be taken of the loveliest flowers, and next autumn the garden filled with them.

E. F. T.

INEBRIATED WITH HIS OWN IRRESPONSIBILITY.



Bumble, as represented by the London County Council, is preparing to spend £170,000 on a palace in which to strut and in which to house superfluous employees. What does Bumble care? It isn't his money.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. William O'Brien, M.P.

HE really is a most puzzling person. First he resigned his seat in Parliament, then he was re-elected, and since then he has not put in an appearance at Westminster.

Now one of the Unionist members, Mr. Moore, has given notice that he will ask for Mr. O'Brien to be summoned to Parliament, and if he does not come, that his election be declared void. It is eight months since he was elected.

Not much over fifty, he has managed to fill life pretty full. Soon after he was twenty he started work as a junior reporter on the "Cork Herald." By the time he was thirty he was one of the greatest political forces in Ireland.

As editor of "United Ireland" he had decidedly exciting times. The paper was constantly being suppressed, but he invariably published it somehow, even when he had to have it printed secretly in Liverpool and London, and even in France. He has been prosecuted for political offences no fewer than nine times, and he has spent two years in prison. Among the other things of which he boasts is that he was once a Fenian, though he never took the oath. They trusted him without.

He has tried most political excitements. Now he is trying a new one. But it is certainly a strange thing for an Irishman not to want to be heard in the House of Commons.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

The Coming of the Nightingale.

THE nightingale has come. For the last week he has been arriving. In another day or two his sponsor will be here, too. They are very up-to-date people, the nightingales. They do not travel together. Mr. Nightingale comes first. Ten days later Mrs. Nightingale follows.

But they are very conservative in other things. Year after year they are to be found in the same hedge and the same bush, and nothing will tempt them beyond their fixed country. No nightingale ever goes to Ireland or Scotland, and it is rare that one goes further north than Yorkshire. Even Wales has only two districts which the nightingale will visit.

It is this certainty of the nightingale's habits that makes him such an easy prey to the bird-catcher. The bird-catcher knows where to look for him, and he can whistle just as well as the nightingale himself.

Whistled challenges are bandied backwards and forwards, till at last the angry bird goes in search of the rival, who so persistently refuses to show himself, only to fall captive. Half a crown or so buys him to sing for years, may be, in a cage.

But, if he has paired and leaves his wife behind, he will not sing. His sorrow stills his song, and he is mute as any common sparrow. But, trapped before he knows the fullness of mated life, his liquid notes will thrill almost as sweetly from his prison as from copse and hedgerow. But he is always a wild bird in a cage.

ALL THE NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS

ARTIST'S SUCCESS.



Miss Flora Lion, a young English artist, who has just had two pictures accepted for this year's Paris Salon.—(See page 6.)

FROM CLERK TO STAGE.



Mr. Barrieton, a clerk, who could not find employment, went in despair to the Alhambra Music Hall. The manager discovered he had a marvellous voice, and now he is singing there.—(See page 6.)

THANKED BY THE KING.



George Williamson, the jockey who was injured on the morning of the race, and therefore unable to ride the King's horse in the Grand National. His Majesty has sent expressions of sympathy and thanks for the help Williamson gave during Moifaa's training.

VEILED WOMEN IN ALGIERS, WHERE THE KING IS VISITING.



King Edward is now visiting Algiers, where many picturesque street scenes are to be seen. This photograph shows a typical group of the Algerian women, with their faces concealed from the public gaze.

PETROL TANK UNHARMED IN THE MIDST OF FLAMES.

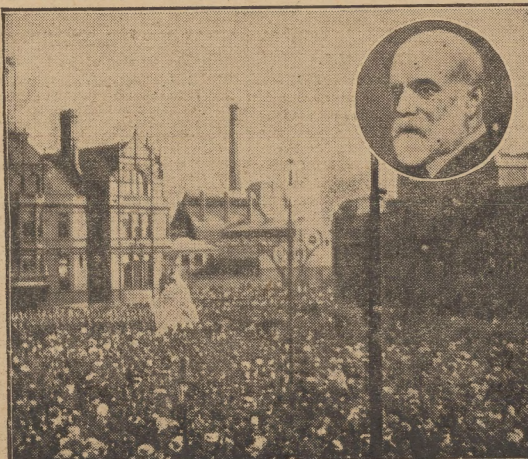


An interesting experiment was made at Manchester when the Nonex Safety Tank, which is an invention to guard against the possibility of petrol exploding, was tried. Here the new petrol tank is seen on a wood pile.



The wood pile was fired, and blazed fiercely for a considerable time, but, despite the high temperature, the petrol inside the tank was in no way affected by the experiment, which will be of considerable interest to motorists.

UNVEILING A STATUE TO QUEEN VICTORIA.



The Earl of Derby unveiling the bronze statue of Queen Victoria in Victoria-square, St. Helens, Lancs. The statue has been presented to the town by Colonel W. W. Pilkington, whose portrait appears in the corner.



MOTOR-BOAT SUNK AT MONACO.



After winning the championship of the sea at Monaco, the Panhard-Levassor motor-boat collided with a buoy and sank in a few seconds. Her crew were rescued.

CINEMATOGGRAPH "MARTYR" DEVoured BY REAL LIONS

REALISTIC REPRESENTATION OF THE HORRORS OF THE ROMAN ARENA—See Page 6.



No. 1.—Seeking a series of sensational scenes for their cinematograph films, a Parisian firm recently arranged a realistic representation of a Christian martyrdom in the Roman arena. Here the actors are seen dressing for their parts.



No. 4.—Substituting a dummy for the living captive. The cinematograph was stopped during this part of the performance.



No. 5.—After the dummy had been substituted for the living man, Juliano, a well-known lion-tamer, who was attired as a gladiator, led four lions into the arena. One immediately rushed at the dummy "martyr," and began to tear it to pieces.



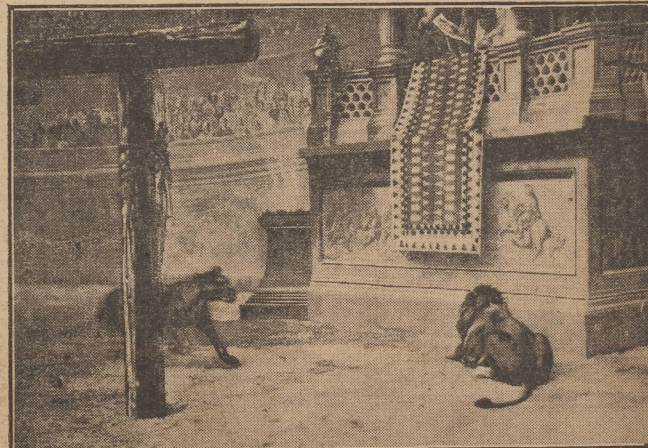
No. 2.—First a procession marched round the arena under the eye of Nero, the Emperor, who was seated on the Imperial Tribune, surrounded by his favourites. The action was all recorded by the cinematograph.



No. 6.—Large pieces of meat were attached to the dummy "martyr," which had the effect of making the lions attack it with convincing ferocity. Another beast is here seen taking part in the realistic play.



No. 3.—Then the condemned man was dragged to the stake in the centre of the arena, immediately facing Nero, and bound to it to await the coming of the lions.



No. 7.—The final scene—lions devouring their prey. Throughout the play the cinematograph had been busy, and the films will shortly be shown in various parts of the world.

UNEDUCATED WOMEN

That They Are Spoiled by Learning
Is a Fallacy, for They
Have None.

By AN EDUCATED WOMAN.

"It's all the fault of education," is heard on all sides in explanation of each new phase of feminine vagary.

Modern marriages are said to be unhappy because of the "higher education" of women. Even the conspicuous lack of maternal love and its possibilities is traced to the over-education of our girls.

The up-to-date desire of women for liberty, latchkeys, late hours, and clubs is all laid at the door of "education."

But where are these highly educated women to be found in real life? Newspapers write of them, cynics blame them for all the social sins of the twentieth century. But a keen search among all classes and ranks fails to materialise "any such person" as the educated woman. The supply is so limited that she is as mythical as Mrs. Harris.

CANNOT WRITE A LETTER.

How many women of the middle and upper-middle classes can write a letter free from mistakes in spelling and grammar? The number is by no means legion.

In a wide circle of friends and acquaintances you may count the moderately well-read women of your set on two fingers of one hand. A really cultured woman is almost as rare as a white blackbird.

As a matter of fact, most of our social sins, negligences, and ignorances are due to a lamentable lack of education on the part of women. A love of excitement is the first symptom of an empty mind. Pleasure-seeking, frivolous, a rush after new sensations and fresh amusements are the keynote of to-day. And all these are due to our lack of real education. Boredom and love of incessant change are the products of a barren mind. A person without imagination needs a chronic stimulus in the form of Punch and Judy shows of a social sort. He cannot manufacture tableaux and pictures and imageries in his own mind, therefore he must live in a chronic cinematograph of peep-shows.

FLEEING FROM DULLNESS.

Homes are voted "dull"—so dull that nearly everybody who can afford it rushes off to "week-end" in boarding-house and hotel, to see new things and people, to spend their holidays on a crowded parade or pier. All this arises from lack of mental culture and education.

If women were well-educated, as they are so constantly accused of being—as though this were one of the seven deadly sins of Christendom—their homes would not be dull. Nor would they be forced to fly to the upmost ends of the earth to find "fresh" recreations.

The brain cells of a cultivated man or woman can conjure up more brilliant and beautiful combinations of romance and scenery, of thrilling tragedies, comedies, and farce than are furnished at social functions and popular amusements.

The pleasures of imagination are superior, a million times, to those of fact. Were our

women educated, the modern mad rush for excitement could not exist.

It would be replaced by the rational happiness to be found in good books, in real social intercourse, instead of the smart, chaffing frippery which counts for conversation nowadays.

A craving for bridge and outdoor sports, the excitement of new frocks, hats, incessant change, and the revival of a love for lap-dogs in women are all symptoms of a lack of education. If a woman does not care for babies, this is an outward and visible sign of her empty, unimaginative mind.

WANT OF IMAGINATION.

Does she not love her husband, she excuses herself by saying that modern men do not rouse romantic passion. As a matter of fact, the fault is in herself. She has not enough imagination to weave a love-story; she has lost the true woman's power to clothe a more or less little cad with the halo of a hero.

Nature gave this power to natural woman to make her a happy wife and mother. Artificiality and the worshipping of false social gods—not education—has killed her imagination. She no longer possesses the power to weave spells of poetry round commonplace circumstances. Her life and home are "dull" because her mind is dull. Were she really educated, she would possess a thousand talismans against the boredom and ennui to which the modern woman professes herself a martyr. Educated people are never bored.

MME. ADELINA PATTI.



This is the latest photograph of the famous singer who has just been decorated with the French Cross of the Legion of Honour.—(Langflier.)

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE SECRET PASSAGE, by Pergus Hume. John Long. 6s. As usual with Mr. Hume's books, the crime comes first, and the story is the exciting adventures which lead up to the solution of the mystery. Quite up to his regular form.

CANADA AS IT IS, by John Foster Fraser. Cassell. 6s. The result of Mr. Fraser's trip to Canada. Full of anecdote and insight, and well illustrated with photographs.

FACTS ABOUT FLOGGING, by Joseph Collinson. Fife. 6d. Revised edition. An appeal against "a survival of barbarism."

Jack Hallows Robert Lidiard felt no antipathy, no resentment; in fact, he regarded him with faint sympathy, and also with some degree of kindness, for the young man was going to prove an instrument in his scheme of vengeance. Here there was no one whom Cecilia loved, her punishment would not have been half so severe and keen, nor would she have been so disposed to regret the resurrection of a husband whom she had believed to be dead.

Robert Lidiard felt himself in the coils of a strange dream as he purchased the dagger he had admired, for it seemed so curious a coincidence that he should have entered the little shop that morning, and so have witnessed the scene between Cecilia and the unknown man who had evidently won the girl's affections.

Robert Lidiard reflected to himself that he had evidently been wrong in ever crediting Cecilia with a liking for Montague Stone, but he wondered thoughtfully if the portrait painter was aware of Cecilia's engagement. He determined to go up to London and make his presence known, find out how much or how little Montague Stone knew of Cecilia's love affair, and be guided in his future course of action by what Montague might tell him. He had quite made up his mind to one thing, however, and that was that he would not permit Cecilia to return and live with him; but a dash of artistic cruelty in the man's nature made him resolve not to announce his presence too soon to the girl who believed herself free.

Let her go on indulging in a bright love dream, cheating herself to a thousand fancies of the happy days in store; then let Cecilia suddenly awake to the knowledge that her husband lived; let her come back, shivering and terrified, to the man to whom she belonged—come back with a broken heart and crushed soul.

Montague Stone was painting hard in his studio the next day, working at a portrait he had ne-

"ONE HOME OR TWO?"

"Mirror" Readers Discuss Whether Husband and Wife Should Live Apart.

The idea of husband and wife living apart is little less immoral than divorce.

As it is, the tragedies of the Divorce Court are tainting the whole of our modern life. I shudder to think how lax the marriage tie would become under such an arrangement. E. M. BEVAN. Derby-road, Nottingham.

By all means let us have separate homes for husband and wife. It is little less than torture to be compelled to spend one's whole life in common with another.

For the last five years I have not known an hour's absolute and complete privacy, and though I can truly say that I love my husband I would give anything to be able to be alone sometimes. CROW'S WIFE.

There is no reason why the wife should feel lonely in her separate home. She has, or should have, exactly the same resources as the husband.

If he can read when alone, so can she. If men friends come to see him, woman friends can come to see her. Woman is admitting her inferiority to man by being unable to live without his constant presence. A HAPPY SPINSTER. St. Leonards.

The suggestion that if husbands and wives should have separate homes the children would have to be sent to "institutions" is absurd. The arrangement would be exactly what it is now. The husband would be responsible for the money, the wife for the proper spending of it on the children. Both would be fulfilling their duty in the world, but both would be spared much boredom. W. S. P. Upper Norwood.

I know a husband and wife who are unusually happy. The wife does not know the reason, but my friend has confided it to me.

He has a set of chambers and makes a point of spending at least one week in three away from home. His wife believes he is compelled to travel on business. He deceives her for their mutual good. If only there were no necessity for the deceit it would be better still. TEN YEARS MARRIED. Oxford.

For husband and wife to live in separate homes would be delightful for the man, but these are a few of the reasons why it would be very much the reverse for the woman.

The woman, engaged in her household duties, sees no one but her servants and children, and is consequently, to all intents, alone all day. The man at his business is in constant touch with his kind.

The wife must, if she is to see after the house and children, spend most of her evenings at home. The man, living his bachelor life, is free to spend his evenings where he likes.

The only way in which the woman can have the companionship which is her right, equally with the man, is by her husband spending as much time as he can with her. Two homes would spell undesirable loneliness for her.

HAPPY WIFE AND MOTHER. Bedford Park, W.

A PERFECTLY HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

The question may be asked—"Why lay such stress on the skin being healthy?" The answer is easily given. If the skin is healthy it will assist your general health, because its functions as a breathing organ will be more efficiently performed, and it may also be remembered that frequently one of the first signs of ill-health is found in the appearance of the skin. All forms of blemish and impurity show unmistakably in this way, and point to the fact that not only is outward application of "Antexema" needed, but that "Antexema Granules" should be used to purify the blood. You thus go to the fountain-head. Another thing to remember is that unless the skin is healthy it cannot be beautiful, and there is no excuse for skin blemishes when the treatment for their removal is so easy and the result so sure. Let us emphasise this. If you have spots, or breakings out, on your skin, or such grave troubles as eczema or psoriasis, it is because you prefer to be disgraced rather than adopt the cure which is offered to you.

LOOK TO YOUR SKIN.

As soon as your skin begins to look red, rough, or has pimples upon it, give it attention. Don't say it is too much trouble to do this, as it will probably give you twenty times as much trouble if you neglect it, and you will certainly be very afterwards if you have eczema or something equally annoying, because you failed to avail yourself of a simple but marvellously successful remedy. The interest our readers have taken in the subject of these articles has been really a revelation to us, and the hundreds of letters received daily asking for our family handbook on "Skin Troubles" are clear evidence our advice has been appreciated. The handbook is honestly worth having, containing, as it does, so much interesting and valuable information, the accuracy of which may be thoroughly depended upon. Our offer of a copy is still open.

A QUIET TALK.

There are many forms of skin trouble besides those which show themselves on the face, neck, or hands, and there must be hundreds of thousands of people who have eczema, or some other trouble on the back, chest, legs, feet, or arms, where, though intense discomfort is caused, no one but yourself knows about it. One of the most unpleasant incidents in regard to many skin troubles is the terrible irritation they give rise to, in many cases so severe as to break the sleep, and entirely rob it of its refreshing power. Possibly the reader is one of those patiently suffering in this way, though no one else knows of your trouble. If so, you can easily cure yourself without explaining your trouble to anyone else. "Antexema" will completely cure you, and the relief gained will be truly delightful. Please understand that in using "Antexema" you are not adopting a remedy without record or reputation, but the discovery of a well-known doctor, and we defy anyone who has seen the piles of letters received by us testifying to "Antexema" to doubt its value.

THE SECRET OF ANTEXEMA.

There is nothing mysterious about the healing and curing powers of "Antexema." When it is applied to the skin it forms an invisible coating over the affected parts, and in that way makes a sort of temporary scarf skin, fresh, healthy, natural skin being thus enabled to grow again. No remedy can be more simple, reasonable, or effective, and the result when tried is both convincing and conclusive.

A POINT WORTH REMEMBERING.

"Antexema" cures every form of skin trouble, and is the very thing for every-day accidents, such as burns, scalds, bruises, blisters. That is why "Antexema" has become a household remedy. Gentlemen who suffer from tender and irritable skins, and who therefore dread shaving, find comfort and healing in the use of "Antexema." The moment it is applied irritation stops.

EVERYONE HAD OUR FAMILY HANDBOOK YET? Everyone who sends is pleased with it. It is packed with useful information, and the advice given in regard to curing skin troubles and the keeping cured afterwards should be in everyone's hands. The language is simple and clear, so you should procure a copy while the offer is open.

OUR OFFER TO YOU.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. Our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," will be sent post free to readers of *Daily Mirror*, together with free trial of "Antexema." Mention *Daily Mirror* when writing, and enclose three penny stamps for postage and packing, and send to "Antexema," 83, Castle-st., London, N.W.

Souls Adrift.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Yes, this is the very ring," Jack Hallows spoke in clear, bright tones, little suspecting that the man whose shadow could faintly be seen at the extreme end of the shop was the husband of the girl upon whom he was about to bestow a pledge of betrothal. As for Cecilia, she blushed and smiled happily, and her eyes glistened with pleasure as she gazed at the ring which Jack held out for her inspection.

It was a pretty, old-fashioned posy ring, and the design represented two clasped hands—hands which sprang apart when a spring was pressed to reveal a small ruby.

"That was my father's gift death us part," he said, his heart carved out of the ring, an inscription which Jack Hallows repeated aloud, then, noticing the presence of the old Jew, he slipped the ring on Cecilia's hand.

"Keep it, dear, and wear it," he said softly, "I'll replace it by another."

Robert Lidiard smiled to himself behind the Moorish screen, and his eyes were full of a strange vindictiveness. He drew a deep breath when at last Cecilia and her lover had quitted the shop, for it had been an effort to the man to restrain himself from making his presence known to his wife. He wanted to see her shrink and cringe before him, to watch her blue eyes dilate with fear, and he wanted—ah, above all—to dash the new-found cup of happiness from her lips—the lovers' goblet from which she was only just beginning to sip. Towards

TRUNK MYSTERY PHOTOGRAPHS.

The School Where Mrs. Devereux's Son
Is Being Educated and a Portrait
of Arthur Devereux.



The college, Kenilworth, where Stanley Devereux, the son of the dead woman, is being educated.



Arthur Devereux, the chemist's assistant who is charged with committing one of the most awful crimes of recent years.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

be allowed to keep Miss Melwyn very long. But I want you to marry, Montague; you know that, and I am sure I shall be very fond of your pretty Cecilia."

Montague Stone recalled his aunt's words, and felt very hopeful about the future. Surely the time would soon be at hand, he reflected, when his patient love would be rewarded. He was disturbed in these happy reflections by the re-entrance of the butler.

"The gentleman won't go," he protested. "He says he knows you'll see him when he tells you he comes about Miss Melwyn's business." Johnson said the words slowly and distinctly, gazing hard at his master.

Montague Stone flushed. "About Miss Melwyn's business—oh, that's a different matter," he exclaimed sharply. "Show this person up at once. Why didn't he say on what errand he came?"

Johnson left the room to carry out his master's orders, and Montague wondered, a little uneasily, what could possibly have happened, or who Cecilia might be sending to him.

He was not left long in doubt, for directly Robert Lidiard crossed the threshold of the studio he recognised him, notwithstanding the man's altered and repulsive appearance.

"You!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my God, Robert, is it you?"

"You do not seem over-pleased to see me," he said slowly. "I have often heard it said that dead men would get but a poor welcome if they came back to the world again, and it seems to be the truth."

"But I swore to your dead body," exclaimed Montague in low tones. "Didn't you write to me

THE FOOD OF A NATION.

Nutritious Diet of the Japanese at Home and at War—A Reason for
Their Mental and Bodily Activity.

By Dr. YORKE-DAVIES.

Much misapprehension exists as to the diet of the Japanese nation in general and the Japanese soldiers in particular. The Japanese are generally supposed to be vegetarians, but the fact is they are nothing of the kind. I very much doubt whether they eat more vegetable nutriment in a day than we do in England.

It is perfectly true that rice is a staple article of food in Japan, as bread is in England, and over a pound of rice is consumed by the ordinary Japanese daily. The Japanese, however, sensibly have but three meals a day, and evidently eat to live, while I think I may, without exaggeration, say that many people in England live to eat.

The first two meals of the day consist chiefly of different dishes made from Soya beans—taken in a form not unlike what we call porridge, and flavoured with different vegetables, some of which are peculiar to Japan—Myso soup, pickles, etc. Tea seems to be the favourite drink with all meals. Eggs and boiled Soya beans also, being added at these first meals by many.

It would occupy too long a space to enter more fully into the matter of the composition of the foods, but Soya beans contain almost twice as much muscle-forming food as English wheat and seven times as much fat as wheaten flour. The Soya bean, therefore, represents our English meat with plenty of fat added to it, and it is not the custom in Japan to deprive it of its most nutritious properties—viz., the bran with the salts.

The second meal, taken about noon, consists of fish, boiled in soup, or soup made from Soya beans; stewed vegetables again, pickles, boiled rice, and tea.

MUCH FISH EATEN.

The last meal, which is usually taken by all classes between six and seven in the evening, consists of soup again, with vegetables, fish, and fruit; butchers' meat fowl, or raw fish, eaten with sauces made from different Japanese cereals. Or boiled or broiled fish and vegetables; or butchers' meat; or chicken, stewed vegetables, and tea, according to the means of the family.

Japan being a group of islands, fish enters largely into the daily food. The sea is bounded by delicious fish; and fish is, to all intents and purposes, as nutritious as butchers' meat, and, of course, may be called animal food.

Carefully analysed, the diet of the Japanese, I am fully convinced, accounts for the remarkable physical energy and intellectual capacity of the race, and we should do well in England to copy them in the matter of food, as far as climate and the habits of the people can conform to it.

It would be very interesting to go further into the matter of the Japanese health and longevity, and I should be exceedingly surprised if these two factors would not show to greater advantage on Japanese diet than on English. Fortunately, Japan, alcoholic liquors have very little place there, and this further accounts for the remarkable attributes of the race and its rapid progress in civilisation.

The war ration comprises Jusho-Mempo (biscuits) and Yamatonii (beef), preserved in tins, hermetically sealed, holding about 1lb., also in smaller

tins containing 5oz. or 6oz. These are easily carried by the soldier, and a few days' supply can be taken about with ease.

They also utilise for war purposes fish, which are put up in tins about three-quarters of a pound in weight. These tins are also hermetically sealed.

The fish principally used are Iwashi (sardine), Saba (mackerel), Shibi (tunny fish), and Masu (salmon trout). These seem to be as useful for war purposes as meat.

Their rations further comprise many vegetables, and, notably, Ito Wakme (seaweed, dried), Satsumo-Iro (sweet potato), Jago-Iro (ordinary potato).

Also many cereals—Ingen-Mame (green beans), Saza (white beans), Kuro-Mame (black beans), Uzura-Mame (a kind of white bean). These different cereals are rich in albumen, fat, and heating elements.

JAPAN'S "STAFF OF LIFE."

Glutinous rice, boiled and dried, called Hosu, seems to be one of the most staple articles of diet. The Japanese soldier carries it, cooked, in a little wicker basket.

The army biscuit contains proportions of wheat and rice and millet seed flour, the latter ingredient preventing its becoming unduly hard. These biscuits are served out in sealed packets of four.

Kokei Shoken (salt) is also an important article in Japanese diet. The constituents of the Japanese war ration enable the soldiers to carry in little weight three or four days' supply of food with them—hence the rapidity of their movements, and the discomfiture and disaster of the Russian legions.

For years I have endeavoured to get the War Office to adopt an up-to-date ration of such a kind that the soldier could carry a supply for several days with him. The emergency ration used during the Boer war was unpalatable and useless, and I do not think they have adopted any other suitable emergency ration yet.

LENTEN AND EASTER DISHES.

Delicacies on Which the Gourmet May
Bridge Over the Spring Interregnum.

The present time is one which taxes the gourmet somewhat severely. There is no game. The much burlesqued spring chickens have yet to come. It is too early for quails.

Just now the piece de resistance of gourmetism, the plover's egg, is to be had in abundance, large and excellent, and as cheap as half-a-crown a dozen.

Salmon is plentiful and getting cheaper every day, and other sorts of delicate fish are more reasonable in price.

Black game, hazel and grey hens, capercaillie, and a certain variety of plover, well-cooked, are as delicious as any game; while pigeons are just in, and roast lamb at this time of year is a very great delicacy.

There is some hidden virtue in most things, and the fact that Easter falls so late puts "lamb and green peas," Easter's traditional dish, within the means of most people for Easter Sunday.

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and say you intended to drown yourself; and now you stand before me alive and in the flesh?"

Montague Stone hardly realised what he was saying, but spoke in broken and incoherent sentences. His mind was full of one idea. Cecilia was no longer free, free to be made happy. She was bound, bound to the day of her death, to the wreck of humanity who faced him, to the debased-looking, fallen man who was yet master of a woman's freedom and life.

"I didn't drown myself," Robert Lidiard observed sullenly. When he wrote to you, Montague, I had fully decided to do so; but afterwards—I thought better of it. Why should I take myself out of a world which still offers a man something in the way of enjoyment?"

"You tried to poison yourself," remarked Montague Stone coldly, "you were ready enough to take yourself out of the world a few weeks ago." He spoke very bitterly; and the scorn in his voice was not lost upon Robert Lidiard.

"True, but that was before I had money in my pocket," retorted the other, "and before I knew what it was to thirst and hunger for revenge." He gripped the handle of his chair as he spoke with hot, nervous fingers, and shivered violently.

"Revenge?" On "when do you want to be revenged?" inquired Montague Stone sternly. A feeling of nausea came over him, for he guessed that Robert Lidiard was referring to Cecilia.

"I want to be revenged on my wife," replied Lidiard, speaking slowly and distinctly, and pausing between each word. "I want to punish a guilty woman, punish the murderess who was ready to preserve her life at the expense of mine—the wife who fled away from a dying man—the woman who deserted her husband. Yes, I have found out where Cecilia is—I know everything about her." He spoke with quickened excitement, two red spots of colour burning on his sallow cheeks.

"Silence," cried Montague Stone commandingly.

"How dare you speak of your wife like this? Do you know what I feel inclined to do, Robert Lidiard, do you realise that my fingers are itching to grasp you within an inch of your miserable life—to crush you by the throat—to kill you?" He advanced towards Robert Lidiard, his hand raised in menacing fashion, his face flaming with indignation.

The other sprang up from his chair with a low cry of dismay, then a sudden sense of confidence returned to him and he faced Montague Stone with some defiance. "Yes, I feel sure you would like to kill me," he said with a mocking laugh. "I must be rather a shock to you to realise that I am alive. Don't imagine I don't know that you are in love with my wife—but you won't have her, I tell you—you won't have her. She doesn't care for you—she never cared for you. If I mean nothing to her, you mean nothing to her either." He croaked the words out, then began to chuckle low and horribly.

"How delighted Cecilia will be when she finds that I am alive," he continued. "What an unexpected and dramatic surprise is in store for the dear girl! Wouldn't you like to be by my side when we have our first meeting, Montague? Oh, there are pleasant days ahead for my beautiful little wife, I can assure you, very pleasant days indeed!"

"What do you intend to do, you—you brute?" interrupted Montague hoarsely. "Are you going to try and compel Cecilia to return to you—to return to a bestial-looking creature like yourself? Why the idea is too awful to contemplate, too impossible. No, you and your wife have parted for ever, Robert, you have each gone your separate ways, you are dead to each other."

"Parted? Nonsense," interrupted Robert Lidiard in shrill tones. "You cannot part a husband and wife, it is against the laws of God and man." His voice was full of triumph. "You ask me what I intend to do? I've been quick. Why nothing

(Continued on page 13.)

HOUSEHOLD NAPERY.

REPLENISH THE STOCK IN THE SPRING.

If they can be afforded every house should possess a few pairs of linen sheets, though cotton ones are more generally used, and, of course, are much cheaper. They are even preferred by some people, and linen ones should never be placed in the guest-room, unless the visitor is known to approve of them, because they are so cold, and for this reason are abhorred by chilly mortals.

Hem-stitched sheets are not to be recommended to those who want their linen to last some time. The threads in the drawn work break more readily than in the plain hem, which, by the way, should be stitched by hand rather than by the machine, for this form of finish is neater and more durable. The machine needle cuts the threads while the hand needle goes between them. Hand-sewn sheets can be made to look a little more elaborate by having the initials of the owner neatly embroidered in one corner or in the centre at the top of the sheet. Remember always to have sheets of a generous size, even for single beds—a short and narrow sheet is a great discomfort.

Linen pillow-slips are more luxurious and more wholesome the whole year round than cotton ones, and are universally approved. Those who are accustomed to them find cotton ones heating to the cheeks and head. Buy the linen by the yard, and hem or hemstitch it by hand. Here, again, a touch of daintiness is imparted by embroidered initials or a monogram, but take care they are not placed where they would hurt or mark the cheek.

The house-proud woman is always known by the dainty napery of her establishment. Though she will relegate many of her other duties to servants, she will never relinquish the personal care she gives to her linen-room, and she always shows every square inch of its contents. Now and then she will, with a maid, count and examine the contents of her presses, see that mending is done well, and that the various sets are kept complete.

Glass-fronted Cupboards.

When there is room in a house for a whole apartment to be devoted to the linen of the establishment, what an attractive apartment it can be made. One that dwells in happy memory is lined with glass-fronted cupboards, and the paint is absolutely white throughout. On the shelves behind the glass fronts are seen snowy piles of linen, each set tied up with ribbons of different colours. The housewife knows that each colour corresponds to certain rooms, and in a trice can put her hand on the lace-edged set for the lilac bedroom or the hemstitched one for the rose-pink girl's room, and so on. Lavender faggots make the shelves redolent of sweet scent; its refreshing aroma wafts into the room when the cupboard doors are unlocked. One of the deprivations of modern flat-life is the paucity or complete absence of linen rooms and cupboards. Good housewives will tell you that you cannot have too many towels in your store. If the mistress of the establishment likes needlework, and has plenty of time in which to accomplish it, she should buy a good quality of wide huckaback and plain damask by the yard, cut it into generous lengths, finish them with wide hems, and stitch them neatly. Then work a small initial about four inches above the hem at one end.

Carry the same principle of generous provision into the purchase of cloths for the use of the kitchen. Have three qualities—one very stout, a medium-weight for china, and a very fine one for glass and silver. Hem and mark each kind with red cotton with the different initials of the purposes for which they are to be used.

Afternoon tea-cloths are very beautiful now, and can be made most dainty by the clever needlewoman. The new tea-cloths for round tables are round, and are finished in scallops, buttonholed by hand, and with embroidery cotton. These cloths are much less expensive to make than to buy, because of the handwork. Sheeting linen is the best to get

for them, as it is obtained in a width of about two and a-half yards, and the cloth must not be seamed anywhere. Irish sheeting will be found whiter than the Flemish or French kind, which has a curious greyish tinge about it that only disappears after several washings. Very advantageous opportunities occur at the sales held from time to time by all

the large dealers in damasks and linens of buying good and cheap house-napery. There is a fashion in patterns, and these must be stocked; so to make room for them the old patterns, which are really quite new to most people, are sold off at a great reduction. Especially is this the case with table-cloths and dinner napkins.



This charming frock is made of ivy-green supple cloth, with velvet bands and buttons of a darker shade to trim it, and is worn with a green shepherdess hat garlanded with tiny roses.

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A FEATHER STOLE and a VOILE SKIRT.

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This Handsome Feather Stole is 2½ yards long, consisting of five strands, in rich brown, and fashionable natural colour. Also in black for mourning. Marvellous value.

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Length: 38, 40, 42, 44, stock sizes. Waist measurement: 28, 30, 32, 34, 36. Larger sizes extra.

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SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 11.)

for the present, Montague, nothing at all. Let Cecilia enjoy her freedom for a little while. Let her possibly fall in love with another man—not that it will be yourself, though, Montague—not that it will be yourself," Robert Lidiard chuckled as he said the words, and glanced at Montague Stone with cunning eyes. "No, let Cecilia go on believing me in my grave a little longer," he continued slowly.

"Listen," cried Montague huskily. He gripped Robert Lidiard by the shoulder as he spoke. "I have a proposal to make to you. The money you have got for the sale of 'The Masque of Sin' won't last for ever. You must ultimately be reduced to poverty. Will you promise to leave Cecilia in absolute ignorance of your existence if I pledge myself to allow you a couple of hundred a year, just as long as you keep your whereabouts a secret from your wife? Or if two hundred isn't enough, say three hundred—say four hundred?" Montague Stone spoke with passionate earnestness.

Robert Lidiard shook his head slowly. "No, no; I refuse your offer," he cried.

"You talk like a madman," interrupted Montague hoarsely. "Do you suppose that I or any of

Cecilia's friends would allow her to sink down to the level of a pauper?" "How do you know," laughed Robert Lidiard, "that I won't hide Cecilia from you all? The world is a pretty wide place, and it is easy enough to play hide and seek; also a man can do what he likes with his own." He fumbled in the breast of his coat as he spoke, and drew out the bottle which contained his tabloids, one of which he took out and swallowed.

Montague Stone watched him attentively. "What's that, morphia?" he asked shortly, a curious expression crossing his face, an almost murderous glint coming into his eyes.

Robert Lidiard nodded his head. Silence prevailed for a few moments. All at once Montague Stone faced the other.

"Come, tell me your price," he asked shortly. "What do you want me to pay you so that Cecilia shall have no idea that you are alive? Ask me what you like, man, and you shall have it."

"My price?" replied Robert Lidiard in low, sinister tones. "I have none." He burst into a peal of bitter laughter. "Do not think that you can tempt me with a bribe of silver and gold; he went on mockingly, "for I want something else—something else, Montague Stone—my pound of flesh and blood."

(To be continued.)

LAST DAY BUT ONE.

The Opportunity of Obtaining a £3 3s. Outfit for 21s. Before Easter is Slipping By.

Baker Booby and Co. are working night and day to keep their wish with our readers to deliver before Easter the wonderful 21s. parcel advertised in our issue of the 12th inst., but they wish us to remind our readers that whilst using every endeavour to do so cannot promise to deliver orders received after 5 p.m. to-morrow (Wednesday). There is still time in an ever-wearing habit cloth in navy, black, green, grey, and brown, trimmed and finished in the latest style. There is no difficulty about fit as the only measurements you need give are round bust, sleeve length, waist measurement, and length of skirt in front. They also include without extra charge a pair of superior all-wool cashmere stockings, a pair of B.B. corsets, a large white silk collar, a chic tam-shaped hat, daintily trimmed, a moreen underskirt, and a lovely canvas blouse. If you wish to make certain of securing this wonderful parcel for Easter we strongly advise you to remit 21s. and 9d. postage to-day. Address Baker Booby and Co., 48a, Wanstend, Essex.

London Press Golfing Society's tournament yesterday, at Furzedown, Messrs. Garden G. Smith (scratch) and S. J. Southerton (handicap 8), giving 9 strokes, beat Messrs. Lincoln Springfield (15) and H. Leach (16) by one hole after being 2 up at the turn.

COULDN'T EAT.

When a person can't eat, depend upon it something is seriously wrong. If the engineman could not get coal on to the boiler fire, how long would the engine run? Food does for the body what coal does for the engine—provides energy. If it can't be taken in proper quantity the "fire" goes out, the energy departs, the power to work vanishes, and the human machine, if not attended to and the evil corrected, would come to that long standstill called Death.

All digestive disorders (which are really at the root of the "can't eat" condition) yield to Bile Beans. If this is your state, just note how Miss A. Reynolds, of Double Street, Spalding, escaped from such a condition, and profit by her experience. She couldn't eat because of acute digestive disorder. No food would digest, and she became so debilitated that she was obliged to keep to her bed. When moving about in the house she was so weak that she would occasionally fall to the ground. Even the little food that she could take caused such acute agony that on many occasions, she says, she actually rolled about the floor crying with pain. For a long period she could take nothing but liquid foods. She was for some time an out-patient at a local hospital, but became gradually worse, and it was evident to her friends that she was rapidly fading away.

At this stage a neighbour asked if she had ever tried Bile Beans. As a last resort a supply of Bile Beans was obtained, and Miss Reynolds began to try them.

"After taking a few doses," she says, "I thought they gave me relief, and so I obtained a further supply. By the time I had taken a few boxes I was not like the same person. I obtained two more boxes, and having taken

them I found myself quite restored to health. I am now quite well, my health is better than it has been for years, and this is due entirely to the use of Bile Beans. Had it not been for them I do not think I should have been here to-day."

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"Daily Mirror," 18/4/05.

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